

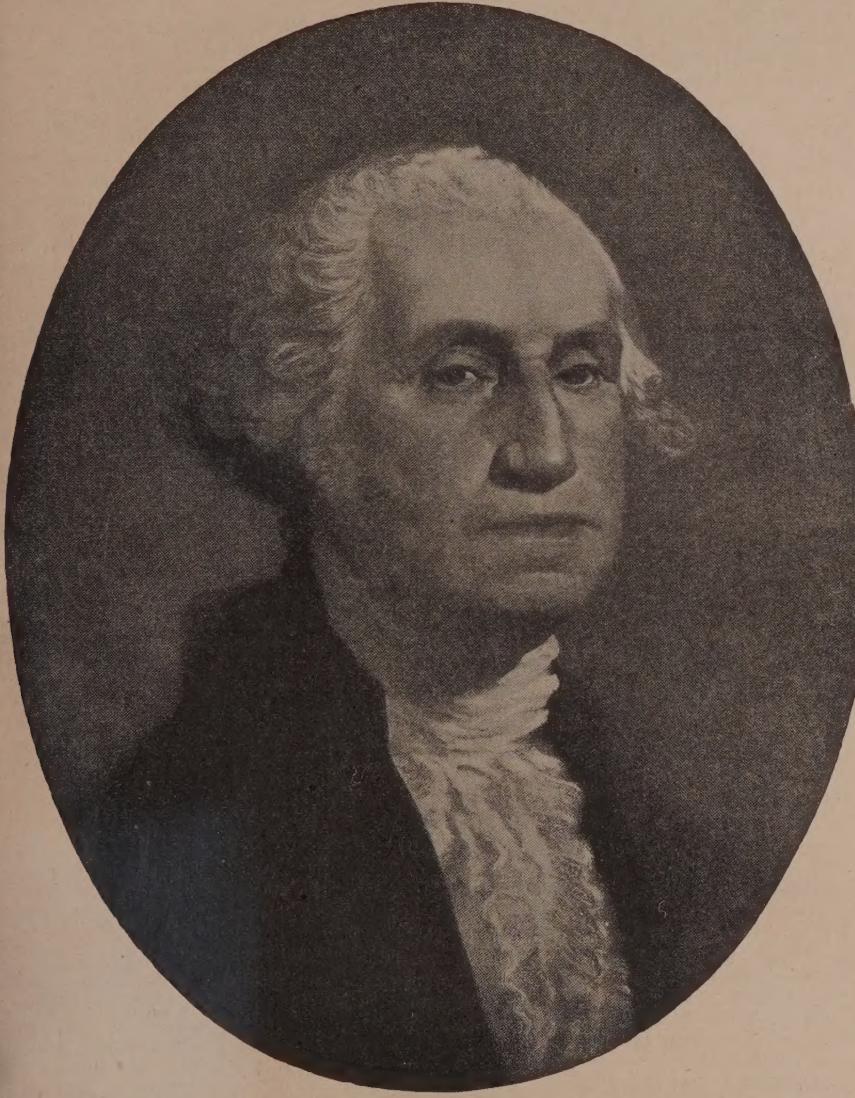
THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME X. No. 21

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FEBRUARY 22, 1920



Washington Says—

BY BAYARD D. YORK.

WHAT!" cried Alan Bennett, rising up from the bench in the boys' dressing-room as if he had sat down upon a tack.

"It's in the paper," Ray Linke insisted. "It says that the committee has decided to have school on the twenty-second."

"Well, of all the luck!" murmured "Dug" Fisher.

"Maybe it isn't so," said Carroll Case, not very hopefully.

"Let's go and ask 'Dixie,'" said Alan.

"Dixie" was their name for their principal, Mr. Dixon.

"Let's tell him we won't come," suggested Carroll.

"Good!" agreed Alan. "Er—you tell him."

"Bert's the fellow to do the talking," Carroll replied. "What do you say, Bert—we'll all back you?"

Bert Martin had been standing a little apart from the group of fellows. He had heard the news which Ray had learned from the paper, but his mind had not really sensed the meaning of it—for he was deep in the consideration of a big problem of his own.

Bert was discouraged. He had just paid a plumber \$4.17 for replacing a foot of water-pipe which had rusted out. This was the third time within two months

that an unusual expense had eaten into the money which he was so carefully saving toward his school and college expenses.

He was beginning to ask himself if the struggle was worth while. Would it not be better to drop school and give up the idea of going to college, and go to work for Mr. Mills? There was no question but that the little old man who ran the hardware store needed help—and he would pay Bert enough so that when his mother was sick or the roof needed patching or one of the pipes rusted through, he would have the money to meet the expense.

He looked up in response to Carroll's question. Whether there should be school on Washington's Birthday or not seemed to him a very trivial matter at the moment; but he nodded and said,

"Come on—I'll ask him about it."

It still lacked ten minutes of school-time. They found Mr. Dixon sitting at his desk in the "office." He was a rather young principal, and he had a way of smiling that made him look ten years younger than he really was—so that as he smiled at them he did not look much older than the boys who stood in front of him.

A twinkle shone in his eyes as they made plain the reason for their call.

"Now tell me," he said, when he had confirmed the newspaper item, "why shouldn't we have school on Washington's Birthday?"

There was a moment of blank silence.

"Well—er—we never have," Carroll remarked.

The principal glanced down at their knees.

"A few years ago you had never worn long trousers," he said. "But you didn't refuse to put them on just because you never had worn them, did you? Just because we never have done a certain thing is no reason, in itself, for not doing it now."

He looked into their faces, his expression suddenly serious.

"What do you suppose Washington himself would say about it, if he were here?" he asked. "Would he feel that we can respect his memory best by loafing or going to the movies—or by coming to school rather thoughtfully and with our lessons done a little better than usual? What would Washington say?"

He waited a moment, as if for an answer, and then added:

"I think that two things ought to happen next week on the twenty-second. First, your principal and your teachers ought to come to school that day prepared to make it the most interesting day of the whole year; and, second, you scholars ought to come knowing your lessons better than usual. What do you say—we'll have short lessons for that day, with the understanding that everybody knows them well—is it a bargain?"

"Y-yes, sir," they agreed.

When they were back in the dressing-room, "Dug" Fisher dropped limply on the bench.

"Will you pipe that!" he exclaimed. "He not only took all the starch out of our sails, but he used it to starch his own! I hand it to him—he's a brainier man than I am!"

On Saturday morning Bert reported at the hardware store for his day of work there.

"Look at the place!" grunted Mr. Mills, with a wave of his hand. "MacDonald's gettin' so old and poky he can't do much, and I can't get any young help that I like—except you. I guess I'm pretty hard to get along with. Look at those nail-bins now—we've got a consignment of nails, all sizes, somewhere downstairs, but Mac can't find them. Think of that—he can't find them!"

"I may be with you steady after the first of March—if you want me," Bert said slowly.

"Gettin' tired of school?"

"No, not exactly—but—

"I'll be blessed glad to have you," Mills muttered, as he turned to a customer.

Bert went to the basement. In ten minutes he had discovered the nails, and was busy filling the bins. Every Saturday he found work of this sort, catching up the odds and ends that the two old men had left uncared-for.

Bert went to school on the morning of the twenty-second with his mind made up that this was to be his last day. It seemed like a good day on which to take this important step.

It was at once evident that Mr. Dixon had been talking with the teachers. In every class-room there was a spirit that would have pleased the "Father of his Country."

When, at the end of the fourth period, they were all seated in the assembly-hall, Mr. Dixon arose.

"We are going to sing 'America,'" he said. "And as you sing, will you try to think how Washington would feel if he were here to-day? Suppose he stood with you singing,

'I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills!'

It was a rough, barren, uncomfortable country when he lived in it. If it was worth fighting for then, what is it worth to-day?"

Bert had never before heard "America" sung with quite the spirit which the school put into it as they sang. He looked at Mr. Dixon with envy. That man was wonderful—he had created just the spirit that he wanted.

After the Scripture reading and the prayer, Mr. Dixon looked down at the school.

"Some people," he said slowly, "in writing or speaking about Washington invest him with qualities that make us feel that he was not a man at all, but some sort of superior being. Other people make him too human by dwelling upon his weaknesses. I am not going to do either of these things—I am just going to call your attention to what has always seemed to me to be the key to Washington's life and his success. Probably no man ever had greater discouragements and disappointments than he had. You have heard of that terrible winter at

Valley Forge when the soldiers marched barefoot through the snow, but that is only one instance of the sort of thing that persisted throughout the long struggle for independence. And yet Washington never gave up—never seriously considered giving up. I wonder why?"

He stepped toward the edge of the platform.

"Washington never gave up," he said; "because he believed in something—and believed in it with his whole soul. I feel that Washington is with us to-day, and that he would ask you—every one of you—what you believe in."

He leaned forward and smiled a little.

"Well, what do you believe in?" he asked, his voice dropping to a conversational tone. "Some people believe in money, some in happiness, some in luxury—what do you and I believe in?"

And Bert Martin, listening attentively, suddenly asked himself what he believed in.

"The thing that I believe in," the principal continued; "is education—education of your body, of your mind, and of your heart. There are boys and girls in this school whose bodies are educated—whose muscles are trained, ready to respond to any call; there are boys and girls whose minds are educated—who think accurately and intelligently; and there are some whose hearts and souls are educated—who respond to the world's call for sympathy. Washington says, believe in something, in some good thing. I add to that, believe in education, real education,—the kind that makes a boy a real man, that makes a girl a true woman."

When school was over, Bert walked slowly homeward. There had been a time when he believed in college—believed in it in such a way that no discouragement could shake his belief. He realized that he must decide now, once for all, what he was going to believe in in the future.

At the corner he hesitated—then he turned toward the store. He found Mr. Mills hurried and crusty, as usual.

"I am going to keep on with school," Bert said.

"Hump!" grunted the storekeeper.

"You—er—see," Bert added, somewhat lamely, "I—well, I believe in education."

"Do you?" the man replied. "Well, you must believe in it a lot to turn down the offer I made you."

"Well, I do—I believe in it the way George Washington believed in the Colonies' cause."

Mr. Mills looked sharply.

"I never had much education to believe in," he grunted. "Goin' to college, are you?"

Bert nodded.

"Yes, sir," he said.

"And you think you can turn down my offer, and come snoopin' 'round Saturdays at your old wage?" snapped the storekeeper. "Well, you can't. Understand, you can't! I'm goin' to pay you a dollar a day more. I wish more young fellows believed in education."

Fun.

Ethel's mother was trying to spray her throat with the atomizer, but met with considerable opposition from the small victim. "I wouldn't mind it so much," said Ethel, "if you would let me honk it myself."

Chicago Tribune.

Nan and Patty do Little Girls' Work.

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX.

IT was Saturday morning in the country village where Nan and Patty lived. It had snowed all night, and the first thing the little sisters heard when they opened their eyes that morning was the snow-shovel saying "Ker-rump, ker-rump, ker-rump!" on the side porch. Then they heard a boy whistling, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag!"

"That's Bob shoveling snow!" Nan exclaimed. "And we better get up and get dressed."

"I wish we could do big things like Bob," Patty remarked, as she gathered her little bundle of clothes tight and followed Nan into the living-room. Nan also hugged a little bundle of clothes. Then they helped each other dress by the fire.

"Bob is only twelve," Nan answered at last, "and he just does boy things, Patty, just boy things. It is a boy's job to shovel sidewalks. I wish we could do something really big like—like being Red Cross nurses and—you are getting your waist on wrong side to!"

"Well, you are putting on your flannel skirt wrong side out!" Patty shouted gleefully.

Just then mother appeared in the doorway with smiles for both her little girls.

"Soon as you are dressed, you may call Bob to breakfast," said she. "I think he is hungry, too, so you better hurry."

The little girls did hurry, and when they were dressed, they ran to the door together and called loud as loud, "Bobbee? Bobbee? Come to breakfast!"

Bob, who was only half-way to the gate, made a trumpet of his hands and answered as if his little sisters were miles away, "All right! I'll be there!"

He was there in about three seconds too, and then the merry children sat down to breakfast; they ate pancakes until their father pretended to be afraid they would burst.

After breakfast Bob returned to his work; he said he was serving his country when he was digging that path, and he couldn't afford to waste a minute.

"I wish we could do something big like Bob," Nan said again.

"I'd like to do something bigger—a regular man's work," Patty insisted. "I'd like to carry mail in an airship! I'd fly over to France and say: 'Boys, do you want to send any letters home on the two-thirty mail-ship? If you do, toss them in!' And then I'd come flying over the ocean and bring their letters to all their folks."

Nan and mother laughed with Patty. "If you two really wish to serve your country," said mother, "why don't you bundle up and go to see Mrs. Patterson? You know that Mrs. Patterson's boy is in France too, and she and Mr. Patterson are having a lonely time this winter."

"And Mr. Patterson has rheumatism," Patty added. "I know, because Teddy Evans shovels paths for him and pumps two pails of water and takes them in every morning before he goes to work at the grocery-store. He must have got up in the night to-day, to dig all the paths through this sky-high snow."

"If you can't drive an airship," said Nan's and Patty's mother, "you can at least do little girls' work to help a soldier overseas!"

"To help a soldier over in France!" exclaimed Patty.

"Certainly," agreed mother. "Because that soldier is over in France he cannot ask his mother if she wishes any errands done this morning. You can, though; so don't you see how you can help the soldier?"

Nan and Patty did see in a minute, and soon, with mother's help, they were ready to try Bob's new path, and to follow the trail of the snow-plow up hill and down dale to the Patterson house.

Mrs. Patterson said it did her good to see two such smiling faces, and Mr. Patterson called cheerily: "Come in, girls, come in! How is your rheumatism?"

Nan and Patty stamped the snow from their feet and walked in, laughing.

"We never have the rheumatism," said Patty.

"Glad to hear it," answered Mr. Patterson. "I'd a leetle rather not have it myself!" Then how they all laughed, and how the cat winked at them before she stood up and arched her back and then rubbed against Nan's fat legs.

"We came to see if you want any errands done this morning," said Nan.

"Oh, little girls, if you will take two letters to the post-office so they'll go to New York on the morning train, I shall be so glad. We wrote to our boy last night and I have been hoping for a chance to send these letters to the office."

"We are airships," announced Patty; "we are mail-service airships!"

"And we are going to fly this minute," added Nan, holding her arms out straight and bending her body around and around. "We can nose-dive and loop-the-loop and drop-leaf, and here we go whir-whir-whirrrrr!"

"Then please ask for our mail at the post-office, and bring us letters from France," called Mrs. Patterson, as she watched the little airships go skimming over the snowdrifts to the gate. Then she laughed as Nan looked back, nodded, and said, "Whir-whir-whirrrr," and little Patty smiled and nodded as she too "whirred" away.

It seemed no time at all before those little girls were back, and good reason why! Mr. Brown was out with his cutter, and he gave them a ride to the post-office and home again!

"We just fairly flew!" Patty exclaimed. "And Nan has a letter for you, and it is from France! It is just like the envelopes we get at our house from our boys!"

When Mrs. Patterson opened that letter, out fell two of the prettiest silk handkerchiefs you ever saw. And what do you suppose Tom Patterson said in that letter about those handkerchiefs! He said one was for Patty and one was for Nan, because he knew they were just the kind of little girls a soldier could depend on to do errands for his mother!

"Did you ever!" exclaimed Mrs. Patterson, as she gazed over the tops of her spectacles at those two surprised little girls.

Brother Bob never saw two happier little girls than his own little sisters when they came home that day with their gifts from France sent them by a soldier who believed he could trust them to do errands for his dear mother.

"Let's stick to doing little girls' work," said Patty at bedtime.

"Let's!" agreed Nan.



From an old sketch, with lines by Longfellow.

The Neighbors.

BY VLYN JOHNSON.

IN simple ways of sweet content,
The Village Blacksmith came and went.
His happy home that sheltered three
Was near the splendid chestnut tree
Whose beauty thrilled a poet's heart
And of his life became a part.
Beneath the tree the smithy stood,
And there the Blacksmith, kind and good,
Made welcome man and beast and child,
The while he worked and forged and filed;
Nor dreamed that through oncoming years
The story of his joys and fears
Would win a poet who would feel
Such sympathy with woe and weal
That he would tell in tender song
Which shall endure through ages long
The story of the blacksmith's life—
His home, his work, his child, his wife!

A Blacksmith and a Poet, they,
Good neighbors of an olden day
Whose lives of true simplicity
May well uplift both you and me.

A Dangerous Dinner.

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

OUNCLE JIM." It was Mary who began the conversation as usual, though Jack was always a close second. "O Uncle Jim, do you know any stories about George Washington that aren't in our school-books? Not the cherry tree, you know, but something quite nice and new. We all have to tell one at school if we possibly can."

"And if you know one," went on Jack, "why, Mary can tell it in her room and I in mine."

"Just like the song:

'You in your small corner
And I in mine,'"

giggled Mary.

"Oh, do think one up, Uncle Jim. You wouldn't want us to disgrace the family by not doing our parts, would you?"

"Indeed I should not," answered Uncle Jim, gravely, though his eyes twinkled. "So I must think hard. Well now, Mary Jane, of course no story about Washington can be really *new*, in these days, but does your history tell about how General Washington went out to dinner with a traitor?"

"No, indeed!"

"Well, then, that may do. Once upon a time,—that's the way we always begin, isn't it?"

"That's the way we *like* to. Go on, Uncle Jim, do!"

"Well, once upon a time, while General Washington was camping near West Point, an old man who was secretly a Tory, and lived in the neighborhood, invited him to come alone and dine with him. The invitation also said 'at precisely two o'clock,' and it sounded a little suspicious to Washington to be asked 'alone'; and also for his host to be so very particular about the time when he was inviting so great and so busy a man.

"However, he accepted, but to the surprise of the old Tory he reached the house at one o'clock instead of at two. In fact the old man didn't seem to like it very well. But Washington was perfectly cool and at ease, and suggested that they should go out and walk on the veranda until dinner was ready.

"All of a sudden a troop of soldiers came riding up the driveway. They all wore red coats and cocked hats, and quick as a flash the General turned upon his host.

"Who are these soldiers?" he demanded sternly.

"English cavalry sent to protect me and keep me safe," stammered the old man.

"Washington appeared still more angry.

"English soldiers sent here to protect you against me?" he thundered. "What insult is this?"

"But this time the trembling old man did not even try to answer. Instead, he waited until the soldiers dismounted and came toward the veranda, and then he turned and put his hand on Washington's arm.

"'Surrender quietly,' he said, 'and they will do you no harm. You are my prisoner.'

"But by now Washington was smiling calmly again.

"I think you are making a mistake, sir," he said. "It is true that there is a prisoner here, but it is you who are that prisoner, and I am your captor."

"The traitor-host tried to call on the red-coated soldiers for assistance, but he soon found that under each red coat there was the blue and buff uniform of one of the Continental soldiers.

"Washington had suspected a trap and had ordered a body of his own troops to appear at a quarter before two so that he might find out if his suspicions were true."

"What an awful old man!" cried Mary.

"Yes, betraying a guest seems worse than anything else, doesn't it? And he confessed later that he had been bribed by the English to betray the American general at two o'clock that day, the hour when he had invited him to dine."

"But my! what a narrow escape!" cried Jack. "Just suppose he hadn't suspected. Washington was awfully lucky, wasn't he?"

"The Indians put it better than that, Jack. They called him a name that means 'Protected by Manitou, the Great Spirit.' And they thought he had a charmed life, for the shots they fired at him during the French and Indian wars went through his clothing and killed two horses upon which he had been seated, but never scratched the great man himself. In fact Washington had more marvelous escapes than almost any other man. And I personally agree with the Indians!"



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

38 WENTWORTH AVE.,
LOWELL, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the All Souls Sunday school, and get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I am nine years old and I am in the fifth grade.

With much pride for the Beacon Club, I am
Your faithful reader,
JONATHAN T. STEVENS.

1120 LANCASTER AVE.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school and have not missed a Sunday all this year. I am eight years old. I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I am sending in an enigma that my mother and Daddie helped me with.

I send my love to all the Beacon children.
MARJORIE HOPKINS.

Keeping His Word.

BY THE EDITOR.

HERE is a story right out of the business world. It is vouched for in an article in the *American Magazine*, and is concerned with a fascinating new metal, vanadium, used in the manufacture of steel.

Twenty-five years ago vanadium was worth \$4,792 a pound. To-day, one pound of an alloy with iron, of which one-third is pure vanadium, sells for \$5.50.

The metal cost so much because so little of it had been found. Suddenly a mine containing a large amount of it was discovered in the Andes Mountains in Peru. One man, James J. Flannery, saw the value of the discovery and determined to try to buy the mine from the owner of the land. But he could raise only \$20,000 both to buy and develop the mine; so could afford to pay only half that sum for the mine itself.

Remembering how large and attractive that amount would look in gold pieces, he secured it in that form and carried it with him to South America, where he went to see the owner of the mine, a Peruvian, named Fernandini.

Now this man was what we call "land poor." So much of his property was invested in land that he had little ready money and was very anxious to sell the mine for a cash payment. He was asking for it, however, a good deal more than Flannery could afford to pay.

Suddenly, as they talked, Flannery poured out all his gold from the valise on to a table—a glittering heap. Seizing a ruler he divided the pile into two parts as nearly equal as possible. "Look," he said, "here is \$20,000. This half of it I will pay for the mine, this half I will keep to develop it."

"Señor!" cried the Peruvian. "You offer me \$10,000 for the mine, and I am asking ten times as much for it! You are joking."

Slowly, very slowly, Flannery began to

922 CHURCH STREET,
ANN ARBOR, MICH.

Dear Miss Buck,—I want to belong to the Beacon Club and wear the button. I am enclosing a word-square. I belong to the Unitarian Sunday school. I am eight years old, and am in the fourth grade in school. The Sunday school gave a Christmas party, and had two plays, one of which I was in, and we also had a Christmas tree, and supper.

With good wishes,
CATHELIA E. POLLOCK.

3101 BROADWAY,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Dear Miss Buck,—I attend All Souls Unitarian Sunday school. My Daddy is my teacher. I enjoy *The Beacon* and should like to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear the button. I am nine years old and am in the fifth grade in school.

I enclose the twisted names of ten Indiana cities for the puzzle corner.

Yours truly,
ROBERT FINFROCK.

scrape back into the bag the half he had said he would keep to develop the mine. For a little time the click of the falling gold pieces was the only sound in the room.

Then Fernandini thought of his need of ready money. Here was the gold before his eyes. He could not bear to see it all go into the bag and out of his reach.

"Hold, Señor!" he cried out suddenly. "I accept!"

Flannery emptied the bag again and together they counted the piles. Then Fernandini sent for his attorney to draw up the necessary papers. While they were conferring together in an adjoining room a cablegram arrived, and a moment later the attorney came out to say that an English company had cabled an offer of \$200,000 for the mine.

"As you had made my client an offer," he said, "we are willing to give you first chance to buy the mine at the same price."

"Made an offer!" exclaimed Flannery. "We had *closed the deal*."

Fernandini was standing in the doorway. In a voice that shook he said:

"The American is right. I have given my word. It is done."

Flannery grasped the hand of the Peruvian. "You will never regret this," he said.

When the American Vanadium Company was organized soon afterward, the Peruvian who would not let \$190,000 tempt him to break his word was given stock in the company to the amount of \$70,000. Today the stock is worth ten times that amount, and Fernandini is vice-president of the company, and the richest man in Peru.

The business world, as well as Bible and church school, is saying that it pays to keep faith and stand by one's bargain even when it seems a bad one. There is a greater reward than even all those dollars for so fine a deed. It is the honor all of us pay in our hearts to Fernandini, the South American, who could not be bought or bribed to break his word.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLII.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 10, 15, 13, is a domestic animal.
My 9, 16, 3, 7, comes at this time of year.
My 14, 11, 1, 6, is a dog's name.
My 8, 12, 5, 2, 4, is madness.
My whole is a former President's name.

HAZEL GIVENS.

ENIGMA XLIII.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 10, 5, 6, is a boy's nickname.
My 8, 11, 2, is a number.
My 4, 3, 2, is what stove-pipes are made of.
My 7, 1, 12, is what shines in the daytime.
My 12, 9, 6, is not happy.
My whole is something that we all love.

M. P.

ENIGMA XLIV.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 3, 8, 12, is an animal.
My 5, 1, 2, is to hurry.
My 7, 4, 10, 6, is part of a shoe.
My 13, 11, 9, 4, is secure.
My whole is the name of a book.

ELEANOR CLAPP.

SOME WELL-KNOWN PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

1. My first is sly, but cannot wear my second.
2. A tattered songster.
3. Fragrant letters.
4. What the father said to his son in the morning.
5. My first is made in a dairy, but is seldom served in my second.
6. My first is a facial expression of pleasure; my second is a woodsman's means of livelihood.
7. A disrespectful name for a physician.
8. My first is an implement of war; my second, a place where money is coined.

Selected.

TWISTED BAYS IN THE UNITED STATES.

1. Agantesarn.
2. Zardsdubz.
3. Blemoi.
4. Nostpbceo.
5. Sapkecheae.

RUTH AND ELLSWORTH MASSEY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 19.

ENIGMA XXXVIII.—Let there be light.
ENIGMA XXXIX.—General Foch.

SIX-LETTER WORD SQUARE.—EDITOR
D E S I R E
I S L A N D
T I A R A S
O R N A T E
R E D S E A

TEN TWISTED INDIANA CITIES.—1. Indianapolis. 2. Kokomo. 3. Evansville. 4. Richmond. 5. Fort Wayne. 6. South Bend. 7. Lafayette. 8. Jeffersonville. 9. Muncie. 10. Terre Haute.

Answers to puzzles have been sent by Hazel Hill, Methuen, Mass.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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